

River. It has been thought that steam navigation was the only kind that could be used on the Missouri River, but a few experiments have shown that for short transient trips of from one to fifty miles in length, a class of the right kind of small tuboes were the most profitable.

it was alleged, he had violated by pre- WHEN SLAVERYHOLDING MAY BE TO

— (Kv.), *Se*
tion of the Liberator: I

...tioned; there are also scars on his
left hand by the scarification in an early age. His
features and mode of dress is quite humble and
unassuming; he is quite intelligent though perhaps
unlearned. He was in possession when he left of
good clothing, and is of quite a drowsy disposition
and by the very good shikonnaker. I suspect he
is to be 28 or 30, his hair entirely straight.

SUSAN C. MEYER
... ..
... ..

LAVERY MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS. The Legislature of Maine is about
close to one Laverne. The Senate is

DEAR FAIRER FOLK: The present is the most auspicious hour to labor for the cause of humanity in your western field. My visit to this lively little place, although at first promising rather unfavorably, has resulted better than could have been expected. The first evening my audience was small, owing to the County Fair; and one or two other gatherings, in adjoining towns. In spite of the Evil of slavery, showing that though they were terrible on the African race in this country yet that the reaction on the white population, is morally and intellectually more terrible still on the North, with a majority in both houses of Congress, a vast preponderance over the South in the commerce, military strength, educational advantages and religious development and professions, submit to all the ungodly behests of slave as meekly as any wretched victim in the cotton fields of Mississippi—and until the slaveholders declare to our very faces in Congress, as well as elsewhere, that we are meaner and more degenerate in our nature, "than the average of their negro slaves,"—and until they can murder our brethren in Kansas, cane our editors and others in Washington, and even attempt murder, and nearly succeed in it, in the Senate Chamber of the United States, upon one of the very idols of northern society. All this I think was shown and was seen and felt too.

The second evening was devoted to the question how the curse is to be removed. My own opinion reached, and was there expressed, that we have reached a depth and degree of guilt, where there can be no remission of sin, but by the shedding of blood. And while with my present conviction I could not now counsel a resort to arms to resist the tyrant, still I can and do counsel to a familiarizing our minds with the Revolutionary sentiment "give us liberty or give us death."

And I showed that the evident intention is, to enslave the labor of the country; north as well as south. And that the threat of Senator Sumner "to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill" is prophecy every way likely to be fulfilled—the half butchering a senator in Congress, is a proper prelude to selling his constituents in the slave shambles; and that sending a large armed force into Kansas to overawe it for not overruling the Free State party there and plant the slave system at the point of the bayonet, is a measure which according to all the past usages and history of mankind, has no immediate, effective prevention by a power of the same kind—and in a word that before we can reach the southern negro slave, we have a revolution in our own behalf to achieve, far more momentous than that of seventy-six, and which may demand the use of similar weapons.

I have seldom seen so serious, nay so solemn an assembly, as on that night. A number declared to me afterwards, that in their view the game of anti-slavery politics had been played quite too long, only for the personal aggrandizement of a few designing men, and to no other purpose.

The dissolution of the Union and a Northern Republic, seems now the one thing to be desired for our own deliverance, both from the criminality of Slavery and also its withering blight and curse. While at the same time, on the showing of the slave holders themselves, it is the sure and speediest mode of approaching the slave system itself.

Newton Falls will occupy a higher position in the subject of Human Freedom than heretofore. More than a dozen new subscribers to the Bugle, all of them truly earnest and thoughtful persons cannot but produce a revolution there. A contribution of between five and six dollars beyond a pecunia, was a further evidence that the good work is well begun.

I cannot forbear to mention the names of Daniel Earle and H. L. Williams as deserving of great praise, for the services and attentions they cheerfully rendered me in my mission there. Such co-operation as theirs, could we always find it, would lighten materially the too often most dismal work of the anti-slavery missionaries.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Mrs. Coleman, in a note from Harrison County says:

"Our meetings continue to be well attended and interest is manifested, but the interest is from being all in our favor. Very few persons attempt to oppose us with argument, but we are treated to eggs, stones, &c., and vile things &c. said of us. We are, however, strong in purpose, fearing naught. We know 'If they have called the Master of the house 'Beelzebub', how much more them of his household?' And he, or who cares for reputation in the world, will surely do well to keep off from the platform, where the rights of the poor and degraded are discussed and maintained."

THE RAVENNA MEETINGS.

The Reformer of Ravenna gives the following notice of the late meetings in that town by B. Jones and the Fosters.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.—On Saturday evening held Sunday, B. S. Jones, S. S. and K. Foster, held a number of anti-slavery meetings in this place, in the Universalist Church, all which were attended by a large number of interested hearers.—They all spoke earnestly and the purpose on the great and absorbing question of American slavery, and with their accustomed power and ability, showed the terrible wrongs a vivid and feeling manner, which the millions of our countrymen in chains are suffering continually at the hand of the slave driver. As is usual they held up the complicity of all political parties and all religious sects, as they reason out the case in the crime and guilt of this stupendous wrong.—Some of the politicians attempted to defend rather palliate their position, or the position their candidates on the subject of slavery, but we vain for him to stand up to successfully refute the charges alleged against them, for the speakers brushed them away as they would a cloud. So much worse off is the church than state in this iniquity, that, although Mr. Foster Sunday evening, proved it a "brotherhood thereof," by his irrefragable facts and arguments yet not once attempted to wag his tongue in its defence. Of course he alluded to the large religious bodies. Their lectures made a good impression here.—v.

Cox Improving on Charles.—S. S. Cox has been improving on Rufus Chastin. That once distinguished man made his memory infamous by stating the Declaration of Independence as "glittering generalities," but Saxony, in his oration at Brown University, termed it a "foolish generalship."

"Saxony" is the Congressman who represents Democracy of Ohio in Congress. And he represents the principles of the party and of government which renege the rights of the slaveholders.

Republians, unincorporated.

The Mobile Register states that \$150,000 has been raised in Georgia to aid Gen. Walker in his contemplated descent upon Nicaragua. Large sums have also been subscribed in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and other Southern States.

LOUISIANA BUSINESS.—The Providence Journal informed that Eli Thayer has bought of the Currier Steam Engine Company seven steam engines equal to 540 horse power, to be used for driving saw and grist mills, on lands purchased by him and others, in Western Virginia.

Receipts for the Eagle for the week ending Sept. 1

B. F. France, France's Store,	1.54 67
Benj. Kingsbury, Welshfield,	1.50 67
John Dewey, Franklin Mills,	1.50 67
Stephen D. Wolfe, Ravenna,	3.00 77
Wm. M. Folger,	5.00 67
Johnathan Barker, Cuyahoga Falls,	1.50 67
W. B. Randolph, Guilford,	1.50 67
Mathew Johnson, Perrine,	1.50 67
M. Waddle, Station 15,	1.50 67
Allice Roby, Leaville,	1.00 67
Bonnie Roby, Sherrodsville,	1.50 67
Charles Boardman, Newsum Falls,	.75 67
Augustus Stevens,	1.50 67
James Dunn, Garrettsville,	1.50 67
C. T. Burton,	.75 67
A. C. Lake,	1.50 67
John F. Price, New Brighton,	1.50 67
John Pontius, Petersburgh,	1.00 64
Elizabeth H. Armstrong, Marietta,	2.00 69
Francis L. Hamblison,	1.50 67
Aaron Conway, Leaville,	1.50 67
J. S. Clemmer, Magadora,	1.50 67
Norris Miller, Decorahs,	1.50 67
Malosi Grove, Lawa Ridge,	1.50 67
Joseph Baird, Maquon,	1.50 67
Robert Smith, Srealsboro Centre,	1.50 67
J. R. Eby, Mogadora,	1.50 67
Leather Parry, Cuyahoga Falls,	1.50 67
E. Blood,	1.50 67
Comely Tomlinson, Mt. Pleasant,	1.00 67

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Donations collected by A. K. Foster.

H. McKinney, Cuyahoga Falls,	\$1.00
Ira Husk,	.50
V. L. Edison, Franklin Mills,	.50
C. S. Kibson,	1.00
Lydia Dewey,	.25
Jana Dewey,	1.00
F. Parry, Magadora,	2.00
S. Parry,	1.00
J. S. Clemmer,	.25
A. M. Hale,	2.00
V. L. Thurston,	1.00
Philo Atwood,	1.00
C. E. Baird,	.50
R. Haribort, Rootstown,	1.00
Augustus Case,	5.00
James Salist, Stow,	1.50
C. Weber, Springfield,	1.00
S. B. Weary, Akron,	1.00
Francis Leach, Hamblison,	1.00
C. Hatch, Ravenna,	\$3.00
A. Austin,	1.00
E. A. Benedict,	.50
J. B. Coleman,	.50
Wm. B. Bond,	.50
E. Spaulding,	1.00
D. Day,	1.00
J. A. Donaldson,	.50
G. F. Green,	.50
H. Y. Beale,	1.00
Sarah Hightson, Edinburg,	2.00
J. F. Nash, Troy,	2.00
A. C. Nash,	.50
Kate Nash,	1.00
Stephen D. Wolfe, Ravenna, on last year's pledge	1.00
Collection at Ravenna,	3.00
John Dewey, Franklin,	2.00

Donations collected by Mrs. Coleman.

J. G. Price,	5.00
A. Warford,	1.00
G. W. Adams,	3.00
Mary E. Adams,	2.00
Moses Conway,	1.00
William Johnson,	1.00
Collections,	10.00

SALEM ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Ladies of Salem and its vicinity will hold their annual Fair at the Town Hall in Salem during the Christmas holidays.

Will not the friends of the Slave in our own State and the West, unmindful for a time of their own cares and sufferings however great, remember and labor for those whose bodies and spirits are crushed beneath the awful weight of American Slavery in this country. The only hope for the Slave hangs upon the continued individual effort of Abolitionists. Let us, then, once more rally for the rights of the Slave, giving and laboring with Justice and Truth for our watchword and motto.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
J. ELIZABETH JONES,
ANN PEARSON,
LAURA BARNABY,
JANE M. TRESCOTT,
HARRIET WHINKERY,
ELIZABETH LEASE,
SARAH BOWN,
A. B. DEMING,
ELIZABETH P. VICKERS,
MARY NORRIS,
SARAH N. McMILLAN,
ELIZABETH McMILLAN,
EMILY ROBINSON.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

The next Ohio Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at Salem Ohio, commencing the 3d of October 1857 at eleven o'clock and will probably continue three days.

All persons without regard to Creeds, Sex, Color, Age, Sex, locality or condition, are invited to meet together on this occasion, with a view to discuss and promote any moral, theological or temperance interests of the human race, and to assist in developing whatever will Elevate Humanity.

On behalf of the committee.

Benj. S. Jones,	Ether Harris,
James Barnaby,	Mary Griffith,
Samuel Myers,	Josephine Griffing,
James Trumbull,	Robert Willis,

The subscriber takes pleasure in informing the customers and the public generally that she has just received a lot of

New Goods.

Such as Buck Moccasin and Handkerchiefs, Bed net, Sheetland Wool, Turkish Towels, Bathing Suits, and Collars, Silk, Bath Fringes, Hats, White and Colored, Ribbons, Ladies' Handkerchiefs of all sizes, Ribbons, Silk Flares, Embroidering and Sewing Silk, Swiss Edging & Inserting:

French Corsets, Throat Laces, Swiss and Cambr Flouncings, Laces, Infant Waists, White and Colored Skirts, Swiss Sleeves, Fancy Colored French Mourning, Needle Worked and French Collars, Hats, White and Colored, Ribbons, Ladies' Handkerchiefs, Children's Woollen Skirts, Ladies' Wool Gaiters, Silk and Cotton Velvet, Colored and White Crochet-Cotton, Swiss-trimmed, an Jasper Trimming, French Cord Binding, Ties, Belting, Silk Dress Fringes, Buttons, Season's Knives, Thimbles, Bells and Parrot Claspes, Knives or Belts, Chenille, Fur, Harems, Fur, Rings, Ring Bells, Fine silk, and Cotton, Rain and Brass Hoops, Silk Trimming, Stockings, Colored and White, Cotton and Wool of all Sizes; Gloves of all kinds and sizes, Kid, Silk, Livid Trimmings, Rings, and Berlin, Needles, Pins, Tape, Colored, Brushes, Old Fellows G-loves, Net Trimmings, Neckties, Shirt Studs, Silver Buttons, Cravat, Buckles, Belts, Buttons, Pearl Buttons, and a great variety of other articles as usually found in a Notion Store.

Thankful for past favors, we hope still to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

E. K. BARRA C. S. EVANS.
Four Doors West of Chesaman & Wright's Drug Store, Main Street Salem, Ohio,
Sept. 7, 1857.

REMEMBER THAT

A. Bradfield

Ifa rememher his HAT and CAP STORE, the building one door west of James Brown's Grocery Store and immediately opposite the Butter Store; and would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to his New and Superior stock of HATS and CAPS, as he is now constantly receiving the latest styles from England. They will find it to their advantage to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere as they have been selected with the greatest care. His Stock is the largest and most complete ever brought to the market; embracing every description of Plain and Fashionable Silk, Soft Fur, Hungarian, Long and High Crowned Hats, and Ladies' and Children's Hats, Friends' Order, Mocha, and Russia Brush, Children's, Fancy, Plain Fur and Wool, and all kinds, Colors, and Shapes of Men's and Boys' Wool Hats.

His stock of Caps is superior to any ever brought to Salem, embracing every description of Plain and Fancy Cloth, Silk and Cotton, Plush Velvet and Mohair Caps.

Any person wishing any article in his line cannot fail to be accommodated either in article or price.

REMEMBER THE PLACE IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE BUTTER STORE, SOUTH SIDE MAIN ST., SALEM, OHIO.

A. BRADFIELD.
Salem, September, 1857.

A VALUABLE

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber will sell the Farm on which he now resides in Butler Township, Columbiana county, Ohio, three miles south-west of Salem on the Georgetown road, joining lands of Robert Patterson, Edward Halloway and others; containing

30 Acres of Excellent Land,
with a good House, Barn, Wagon-barn, and all the necessary out-buildings; two Orchards of choice fruit, four Wells, and a good Spring; all well fenced.

The above described Farm will be sold of bargain; any one wishing to purchase will please call on the subscriber residing on the premises.

ALEXANDER RUSSELL.
Salem, Sept. 21, 1857.—3c.

PRICES REDUCED.

In order to sell off my stock of Summer Goods preparatory to fall trade; will, consequently offer them at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! If there fore those wanting to purchase anything in the Dry Goods line, will be sure of getting Good Bargains; you will find among the Goods, good style Summer Lawn at 64 cts. per yard, Ginghams 64 cts. Fine Lawns worth 25 cts., at 12 cts. Challey DeLanes, from 124 cts. to 25 cts. per yard. Figured Berages, only 124 cts. a yard. Plain Berages, for 124 cts. worth 25 cts. A cord of Skeleton Skirts, also, a new article for Shirts, colored and white, Patent Skirts, lower than in Salem. Also, Ladies' elegant light gaiters, cheap. Linen Table Damask, and Damask Table Cloth very cheap. White Ingrained Diaper for Bed Quilts. Parasols and other articles AT COST. A LOT OF GOOD SILKS, only 50 cts. a yard. A large assortment of corsets, cheaper than we have been selling them. SUMMER CLOTHING Ready Made Summer Clothing, cheap. Constantly on hand, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee and Rice. Also new style varnished Parkies, Tails, &c.

WILL PAY CASH for butter, eggs, hides, wool, and Fats.

J. HEATON.
Salem, O., August 8, 1857.

HARLEM SPRINGS,

Carroll County, Ohio, ----- 1857.

The Springs, having undergone thorough repairs, and their facilities for accommodation increased, are under the management of the undersigned, and are now open for the reception of visitors. No pains will be spared to make comfortable those who may favor us with their patronage. The rooms will be kept in the best order, and the tables furnished with the choicest selections.

Guests who desire rooms for any considerable time would oblige the proprietor by addressing him a few days in advance of their expected arrival.

Conveyances from Carrollton—which is accessible by railroad daily—to the Springs may be had at all times.

WILLIAM McCOT,
Proprietor.
June 6, 1857.

ENOS L. WOODS & CO.
Steam Engine Builders,
ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO.

Engines of the best patterns built in order, on very reasonable terms.

June 21, 1856-19.

J. C. Whinery, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office to the corner of

MAIN AND BROADWAY.

NOTICE.—[REMOVED FROM BROADWAY, AT THE NORTH END OF THE BUILDING] for the purpose of securing improved facilities for the practice of Dentistry.

He proposes to spare neither pains nor expense to render to his patients the utmost amount of his Professional skill. The result of DENTAL SURGERY is achieved by himself at the hand of the operator, and his past success, he trusts, has been such as to give assurance that full satisfaction will be given to those who may request his services.

Office hours from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

Miscellaneous.

For the Anti-Slavery Cause.

ROSALIE.

BY C. L. M.

V.

Mid the garden roses,
The Lady Julia stands;
Roses smiling round her,
Roses in her hands.
She bathed in roses,
All her happy life;
She feared not earth's sorrows,
Heed not its strife.
With her eyes of azure,
With her locks of gold—
Heaven never made a face more fair,
The world, a heart more cold!
So the heavens above her,
Smile with cloudless light—
She needs not those who wander,
Lost in starless night.
So the summer roses
Be in life her part,
She thinks not of the cruel thorns,
That pierce another's heart.

VI.

They met in the wide old Hall;
He young, noble, worshiped, and proud;
And she who had tasted the wormwood and gall,
Of bondage, whose neck to the yoke was bowed.
The blood to his heart in a torrent rushed—
And her cheek with a sudden brightness flushed,
Like the morning sky as rosily,
When the Lord first smiles from the Eastern east!
They met in the wide old Hall—
Tears but for a moment no word was spoken,
Yet their hearts were bound in captive thrall,
With chains of Adamant, never to be broken!
O! why do I paint Love an idle Coy,
Twining garlands in childish joy!
Mighty is he for woe or for weal,
A Vulcan forging fetters of steel!

VII.

Gather, O fair Rosalie,
The roses all fresh and bright;
Twine them in shining garlands,
To braid with thy locks of night.
For the flash on thy cheek is brighter
Than the hue of the fairest rose;
And with the light of a happy heart,
Thy dark eyes sparkle and glow.
And the song on thy lips is sweeter
Than the birds on the wildwood tree;
And thy step is gay as waves that dance
In sunlight across the sea.
Then gather the fresh young roses,
Bright with the diamond dew;
The thorns are now for another,
The roses are all for you!
But the roses fade and die,
When the summer days are past;
When chill Autumn clouds the sky,
Who can bide the bitter blast?

VIII.

O world! O unjust world!
Fair to the outward seeming, but within,
Full of all cruelty and wrong, and woe,
A sepulchre of sin!
O! I had only seen,
The waves that on the surface dance in light;
Now the dread depths of infamy, and wrong,
Burst on my startled sight!
To me my sire had seemed,
A kindly sovereign o'er a blissful domain;
I see him now a tyrant, death whose away,
Slaves groan, and toll with pain;
Great God and is it just,
That wealth and rank should be my part in life,
While all earth's loveliest daughter knows alone,
Its bitterness and strife?
But for her noble heart,
And for the beauty of her matchless face,
I will shake off this lethargy, and plead
The cause of her crushed race.
And men shall heed my voice,
Till slaves beneath our skies no longer pine;
And all the glory, all the praise shall be,
O! angel maiden, thine!

IX.

What clouds Dun Warren's haughty brow,
What tempest now above him lower?
Hath he not lands and slaves and power?
Or doth he sigh for place and power?
Ah well-a-day the greybeard's say,
"We for Dun Warren's haughty race,
When his grey head shall pass away,
Who then will come to fill his place?"
Not that sad boy whose brain is turned
With ideas strange and wild; perchance
In his long journeyings he hath learned,
In fabled scenes of France!
But let him leave his atheist lore,
In that false land where first it sprung;
Such dangerous words should never more,
Fall from a proud Virginian's tongue.
But if he still will all our laws,
Our institutions seek to alter,
Hoping (vain fool) for our applause—
He'll get what he deserves—a halter!

X.

"It is vain, all vain, ye mighty, and proud, and strong;
Callous-hearted, and cruel, O why do I preach
To you?
For you cling to injustice, robbery, crime and wrong;
But you turn with scorn from all that is pure,
And true!
Well, go on, with your foot on the bondman's neck;
Laugh at my words when I warn you of
Woe to come,
Your hands blood-red with murder, what do you
Mend
Of the awful renaissance of God in the Day of
Doom?"

Shut your ears to your victim's bitter cries,
Harden your hearts to his agony, and despair;
Not the God of Earth and Heaven shall heed
His sigh—
From His throne of justice and mercy shall
Answer his prayers.

XI.

"Shall I be bound forever,
By a promise that I hate,
Made for me by my father,
Heaven's! I shall be my fate?
Shall I wed the Lady Julia,
Proud, passionate and cold?
For her wealth of shining tresses,
Or her wealth of shining gold?
Shall I turn from fair Rosalie,
With a soul as pure and bright,
As the heaven that bends above her,
With its depth of golden light?
Must I count as naught the beauty
Of her heart or of her face,
That cruel men have placed a ban
Upon her mother's race?"

No! we will seek together,
Some island sweet and lone,
That gem-like lies mid those seas,
That gird the tropic zone.
And mid that bloom eternal,
Beneath those balmy skies,
We'll live and love together
Like the twin in Paradise!

And the world, stern, cold, and cruel,
With all its pain and sin;
Is wrong, injustice, folly,
Shall never enter in.

XII.

Fever from out her fiery hair,
Tiger-like springs on Dun Warren's heir,
Her talons are deep in his shuddering breast,
While Mrs. Browning's "Angel in the House" is
as far as I know, the greatest poem which the
century has produced in any language. Cast
Coleridge at once aside, as sickly and useless;
and Shelley, as shallow and tedious; Byron, until
your taste is fully formed, and you are able to
discern the magnificence in him from the wrong.
Never read but of common poetry, nor write any
country yourself; there is perhaps, rather too much
than too little in the world already.

Of reflective prose, read chiefly Bacon, Johnson
and Helpe. Carlyle is hardly to be named as a
writer for "beginners," because his teaching,
though to some of us vitally necessary, may to
others be hurtful. If you understand and like
him, read him; but if he bores you, do not yet
read him; and perhaps may never be so
all events, give him up, as you would see-bathing
if you find him hurt you, till you are stronger. Of
fiction read Sir Charles Grandison, Scott's novels,
Miss Edgeworth's, and, if you are a young lady,
Madame de Genlis's, the French Miss Edgeworth;
Of course you must, or will, read other books;
of course you must, or will, read other books;
of course you must, or will, read other books;
of course you must, or will, read other books;

Which the lips of a lover so lately kissed;
And for love's sweet story, shuddering bears
The brutal trader's curse and fierce
O! who can you smile so bright,
On a world so cursed by oppression's blight?
O earth! how can you bloom so fair,
So filled with anguish and despair?

XIII.

"O woman! cruel woman! what is this thou
hast done—
Couldst not art less direful appraise thy fiendish
wrath?
When a thousand bowed before thee couldst
thou not suffer one,
To leave the gentle flower that bloomed so
sweetly in thy path?
A woman did I call thee? Nay, thou art a fiend
from Hell;
Is lurid fire still burning in thy false and
cruel heart.
Back to the prison, to thy comrades, for sure it
is not well,
To blight this Heritage of God in which thou
hast no part.

But the Father reigns above us, therefore I fear
thou not,
Do thy worst, but I shall see her in her lowly
nest once more.
He would guide me were she hidden in Earth's
wildest, loneliest spot.
We shall live and love together yet, our weary
trials o'er,
Go then I forgive thee, false, and cruel as thou
art,
Repeat that if thou canst, ask forgiveness of
High Heaven,
Implore the blessed Lord to cast the demons
from thy breast,
The pearls gates thou'll never pass if thou
art unforgotten!

XIV.

"Through years long, long, unnumbered years,
Up and down the weary earth,
Over deserts wild and drear,
O'er mountains where the streams have
birth—
Through vast forests dark and lone,
Footsore, heart-sore, still I've sought,
My lost, my loved, my worshipped one!
The sun of life was shining high
When first my weary march began,
Now age, and night come stealing on,
I am a grey-haired, lonely man,
Man call me idiot, mad man, fool,
But all their bitter taunts, and jeers,
Their words of pity, or of scorn,
Alike fall headless on my ears.
O! sometimes on my weary way,
I've seen her, darling of my heart,
And fondly thought my search was o'er,
That never more we twain should part;
The light of joy is in her eye,
She glides toward me with outstretched arms,
I fly to clasp her to my breast—
Radiant in all her youthful charms.

But ere I clasp her slender hand,
Or stoop to kiss her blushing face,
That dreaded phantom glides between
To part us from that dear embrace—
That fiend—the gleam of whose blue eyes,
Withers my heart—a lightning glare—
Around whose head the flames of Hell
Seem darting from her shining hair.

Not demon I shall triumph yet,
Though Hell with all its powers conspire
To part us twain—for her sweet sake,
I'd dare the fury of its fire!
Yes we shall dwell in love together
Upon some peaceful stormless shore,
Where the world's wrong, injustice, sin,
Shall vex our happy souls no more.

But ere I clasp her slender hand,
Or stoop to kiss her blushing face,
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To part us from that dear embrace—
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LUSKIN UPON LITERATURE.

FINALLY, your judgments will be, of course,
much affected by your taste in literature. Indeed,
I know many persons who have the purest taste in
literature, and yet false taste in art, and it is a
phenomenon which puzzles me not a little; but I
have never known any one with false taste in
books, and true taste in pictures. It is also of the
greatest importance to you, not only for art's sake,
but for all kinds of sake, in these days of book
deluge, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature,
and live on a little rock island of your own,
with a spring and lake in it, pure and good. I
cannot, of course, suggest the choice of your li-
brary to you; every several mind needs different
books; but some common books, which are all
good, and assuredly, if you read Homer, Plato,
Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakespeare, and
Spenser, as much as you ought, you will not re-
quire wide enlargement of shelves to right and
left of them for purposes of perpetual study.

Among modern books, avoid generally magazine
and review literature. Sometimes it may contain
a useful article, or a wise and judicious opinion;
but the chances are too few to use it will either
waste your time or mislead you. If you want to
understand any subject whatever, read the best
book upon it you can hear of; not a review of the
book. If you don't like the first book you try,
seek for another; but do not hope, ever to under-
stand the subject without history and science be-
hind. Avoid, especially that class of literature
which has a knowing tone; it is the most pernicious
of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is
full of admiration and awe, it may contain firm
assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers, coldly,
or asserts haughtily, and it always leads you to
reference or love something with your whole heart.

It is not always easy to distinguish the satiric
the venomous race of books from the satire of the
noble and pure ones; but in general you may no-
tice that the cold-blooded, crustaceous and batra-
chian books will sneer at sentiment; and the warm-
blooded, human books at wit. Then, in general,
the more you can restrain your serious reading to
edifying or lyric poetry, history and science be-
hind, avoiding fiction and the drama, the healthier
your mind will become. Of modern poetry keep
to Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson,
and the Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow and Con-
ventry Patmore, whose "Angel in the House" is the
most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest
analysis we possess of quiet modern domestic feel-
ing; while Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is as
far as I know, the greatest poem which the
century has produced in any language. Cast Coleridge
at once aside, as sickly and useless; and Shelley,
as shallow and tedious; Byron, until your taste is
fully formed, and you are able to discern the mag-
nificence in him from the wrong.

Never read but of common poetry, nor write any
country yourself; there is perhaps, rather too much
than too little in the world already.

Of reflective prose, read chiefly Bacon, Johnson
and Helpe. Carlyle is hardly to be named as a
writer for "beginners," because his teaching,
though to some of us vitally necessary, may to
others be hurtful. If you understand and like
him, read him; but if he bores you, do not yet
read him; and perhaps may never be so
all events, give him up, as you would see-bathing
if you find him hurt you, till you are stronger. Of
fiction read Sir Charles Grandison, Scott's novels,
Miss Edgeworth's, and, if you are a young lady,
Madame de Genlis's, the French Miss Edgeworth;
Of course you must, or will, read other books;
of course you must, or will, read other books;
of course you must, or will, read other books;
of course you must, or will, read other books;

Which the lips of a lover so lately kissed;
And for love's sweet story, shuddering bears
The brutal trader's curse and fierce
O! who can you smile so bright,
On a world so cursed by oppression's blight?
O earth! how can you bloom so fair,
So filled with anguish and despair?

"O woman! cruel woman! what is this thou
hast done—
Couldst not art less direful appraise thy fiendish
wrath?
When a thousand bowed before thee couldst
thou not suffer one,
To leave the gentle flower that bloomed so
sweetly in thy path?
A woman did I call thee? Nay, thou art a fiend
from Hell;
Is lurid fire still burning in thy false and
cruel heart.
Back to the prison, to thy comrades, for sure it
is not well,
To blight this Heritage of God in which thou
hast no part.

But the Father reigns above us, therefore I fear
thou not,
Do thy worst, but I shall see her in her lowly
nest once more.
He would guide me were she hidden in Earth's
wildest, loneliest spot.
We shall live and love together yet, our weary
trials o'er,
Go then I forgive thee, false, and cruel as thou
art,
Repeat that if thou canst, ask forgiveness of
High Heaven,
Implore the blessed Lord to cast the demons
from thy breast,
The pearls gates thou'll never pass if thou
art unforgotten!

"Through years long, long, unnumbered years,
Up and down the weary earth,
Over deserts wild and drear,
O'er mountains where the streams have
birth—
Through vast forests dark and lone,
Footsore, heart-sore, still I've sought,
My lost, my loved, my worshipped one!
The sun of life was shining high
When first my weary march began,
Now age, and night come stealing on,
I am a grey-haired, lonely man,
Man call me idiot, mad man, fool,
But all their bitter taunts, and jeers,
Their words of pity, or of scorn,
Alike fall headless on my ears.
O! sometimes on my weary way,
I've seen her, darling of my heart,
And fondly thought my search was o'er,
That never more we twain should part;
The light of joy is in her eye,
She glides toward me with outstretched arms,
I fly to clasp her to my breast—
Radiant in all her youthful charms.

But ere I clasp her slender hand,
Or stoop to kiss her blushing face,
That dreaded phantom glides between
To part us from that dear embrace—
That fiend—the gleam of whose blue eyes,
Withers my heart—a lightning glare—
Around whose head the flames of Hell
Seem darting from her shining hair.

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THE SLAVE MOTHER.

From the Liberator.

Lo! a woman—trembling, frail,
With grief her tears express,
In the Market street, for sale,
With her first-born at her breast!
But the babe was not her own;
For the child that God had made—
Offering of her flesh and bone—
Was a living ware of trade!

Ere she wept her sorrows calm,
Lo! her human heart was sold
For the silver, which the palm
Of human hand could hold!
God's own image in the mart!
A! 'twas fragile merchandise—
Broken in the breaking heart!
Melted in the weeping eye!

Then another wounding thorn
Pierced the heart already stung:
Lo! the suckling babe was torn
From the bosom where it clung!
Then her mother's cry was wild!
Then a fresh her tears were shed!
And she mourned her living child—
Living but to her as dead!

Now the Slave's doubly bound;
For, beside the chain she wore,
Grief enlaced her soul around,
Like a fetter, evermore!
Never, though she quelled her cries,
Was the broken heart made whole!
Never, though she hushed her sighs,
Went the sorrow from her soul!

Ye whom human hopes or fears
Stir to gladness or to woe;
Ye who weep at others' tears,
And would wipe them when they flow;
Ye who feel another's pain,
And will bear another's plea—
Go and break the bondman's chain!
Go and set the captive free!

THE AQUARIUM AT THE MUSEUM.—The proprietors
of the American Museum have availed themselves
of the growing market for "Aquaria," and will on
Monday next open for exhibition a magnificent col-
lection of fishes, sea-plants and all sorts of marine
monsters and curiosities, gathered from the ocean,
river and lake. We had the pleasure of examining
their collection yesterday. The Aquaria on ex-
posed a large room, on each side of which are ar-
ranged rows of glass water-tanks, thirty two in
number, and ranging from one and a half to six
feet in length. Within these tanks are displayed
from eight hundred to a thousand different speci-
mens of the vegetable and animal life of the water.
The bottom of the Aquaria are covered with an
inch or two of clean coarse gravel, upon which are
placed miniature piles of rocks, fancifully ar-
ranged, and growing upon these are various many
hued specimens of marine mosses, plants, &c.
There is a large number of corals, which grow
upon the rocks like little palm trees, with spreading
branches, and the slightest breeze from the fan
collapse, draw their branches together, and gather
into the smallest possible space.

The vegetable life keeps the water supplied
with oxygen, and many sorts of curiously shaped
water snails creep among the rocks and plants
gather up the decaying vegetable matter, and keep
the water pure and wholesome. The water is so
clear and pure that it is possible to see the
bottom of the tanks, and the various specimens
of marine life, which are arranged in the most
fanciful manner, and growing upon these are various
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